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PUCK



HER JOHNNY-JUMP-UPS.

Spring Display in the Chorus-Girl's Window-Box.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

WE WISH
TO PLEAD
IGNORANCE.

IN A circular letter, which the beneficiaries of the Sugar Tariff are sending forth to the press, the statement is made at the outset that "the Sugar industry of the United States is now threatened with destruction." Next in line comes the statement "that every civilized country in the world is trying, through bounties, tariffs, and otherwise, to raise enough sugar for its own consumption." Now, nobody, not even a tariff reformer, is anxious to see any useful American industry "destroyed," and PUCK considers the sugar industry a very useful one indeed. However, we should like to have it explained to us where the danger of destruction comes in if, as the Sugar people say, the other countries of the civilized world are forced to use bounties and tariffs "to raise enough sugar for their own consumption." Are those the countries which are going to import sugar into the United States in sufficient quantity to ruin our own sugar industry? Already put to straits to get enough sugar for themselves, are they suddenly to acquire enough of it to supply not only themselves but the United States, too? As we understand it, the world produces barely enough sugar now for its own consumption, so with the sugar industry of the United States "destroyed" and out of business, the world's demand for sugar will greatly exceed the world's supply. Who is to supply the American consumer of sugar if the American sugar industry goes to the wall by reason of a slashed tariff? Government figures, recently given out, say that the United States consumes one fifth of all the sugar raised in the world. Is

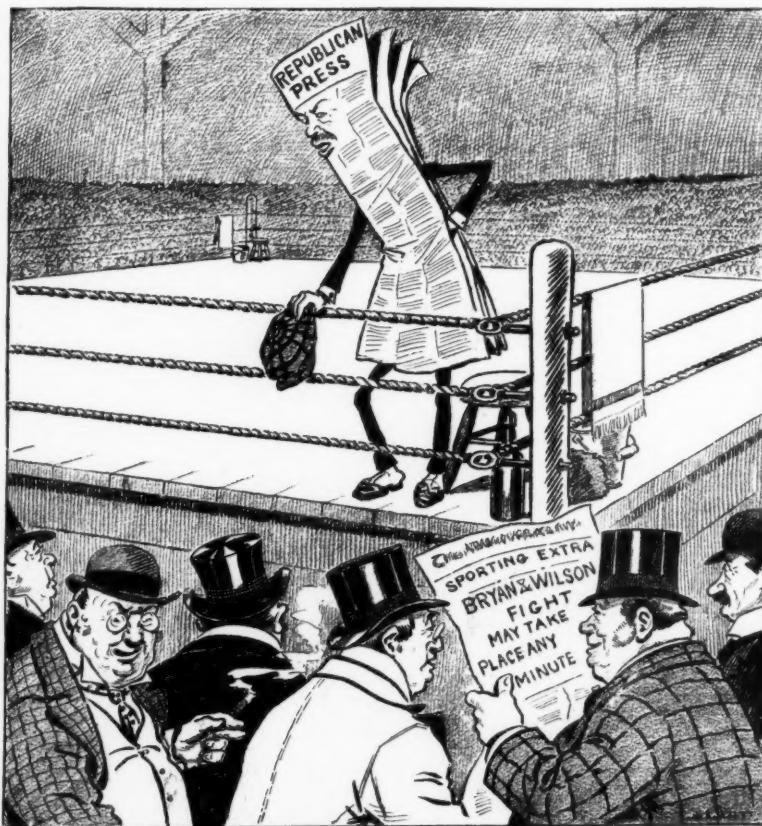
this demand to be supplied entirely by other countries, the countries which now with so much difficulty raise barely enough sugar for themselves? If so, the foreign consumer must go without *his* sugar, for obviously there can't be sufficient for both. Just because sugar is put on the free-list, ninety millions of people in what is known as the United States of America are not going to lose their liking for it. The demand will be here, and somebody will be privileged to supply it. How can foreign countries do it if they are put to all sorts of expedients to supply

their own home demand? And if the supply of foreign sugar is so limited, why need the American sugar industry be "destroyed" when ninety millions of people are in the market for sugar? We wish to plead ignorance.

IT WILL be a mortifying disappointment to a lot of hard-working persons if President WILSON and Secretary of State BRYAN refuse to fight. Apparently, the President and his chief Cabinet officer have absolutely no excuse for further peace. President WILSON has "snubbed" Mr. BRYAN repeatedly and "ignored" him alarmingly. Mr. BRYAN's head exists but for one purpose: to be "gone over" by his chief. If the fight between WOODROW and WILLIAM cannot be "pulled off" now, we fear it will never be, as the load of chips which was so thoughtfully provided for their respective shoulders has been almost exhausted, and it will be difficult to get a new supply.

IN purchasing power, the only true test, the wages of our laborers have never been approached by the wages of any other people. Under the present tariff law this prosperity has reached its crest."—*Republicans in Congress.*

No Democrat, however much he may believe in the desirability of a lowered tariff, will attempt to deny that some American workers receive good wages. They do. But it is to workers in unprotected industries, the building trades, for example, that the highest wages on the average are paid. We doubt if even a rabid Standpatter, in the light of recent publicity, will claim very much "purchasing power" for the wages of the workers in Lawrence and other mill towns.



BRYAN VERSUS WILSON.

THE REFEREE.—There has been an unexpected delay in the arrival of the principals, gentlemen. But be patient.

POCKETS FOR WOMEN



"Skirts with pockets will be much worn this season."—*Fashion Note.*

AMY'S heart is swelled with pride
As she trips the Avenue;
For her skirt, on either side,
Pockets trim displays to view.

Pockets, "stitched" and deep "set in;"
"Piped," (whatever that may be,)
Made to hold through thick and thin;
"Buttoned" with security.

Can this be a further lure
For my ravished eyes to see?
From that grim hip-pocket sure
Cupid has the drop on me!

Or may dull mankind to-day
Learn to use its pockets right?
We took years to find the way;
Amy's got it overnight!

Will they hold her purse and bills,
Powder-puff and samples, too?
All that now her handbag fills?
This, and surely more they'll do!

Says fair Amy: "Mercy, no!
All those things? Oh, goodness me!
They would stretch my pockets so!
Think of what a fright I'd be!"

"What! Their charms begin to pall?
You don't think they're worth the while
If they can't be 'used' at all?
Stupid! Why, they're all the style!"

—*Agnes Miller.*

RIGHTING A WRONG.



DOBBER (*the artist*).—I have called, Mr. Gotrox, to make a confession to which I am driven, by the pangs of a gnawing conscience. I grossly deceived you in regard to that pastoral picture you purchased from me two months ago.

OLD GOTROX.—Did, hey? How, may I ask?

DOBBER.—Those blotches in the foreground of the painting—you spoke of them as barberry bushes—Mr. Gotrox, I—I cannot conceal the truth any longer—they are cows!

NOT A LINGUIST.

MRS. WORLDLEY.—If, as you say, your master kissed you against your will, why did you not cry "Help!"?

FRENCH MAID.—Ah, madame! Zat ees just ze vord of vich I could not sink at ze moment.

A BONANZA.

PARENT.—Now, what are you going to charge me to cure this boy of the measles?

PHYSICIAN.—Nothing at all, my dear sir, as it is an original case; and you get your ten per cent. commission for every child that catches them from him.

SELF-MADE pedestals, strange to say, are a good deal more numerous than self-made men.

NOT IN A BARREL.

"TO-MORRER," said a determined-looking and raucous-voiced guest in a Niagara hotel, "to-morrer I'm a-goin' over the Falls," and he carefully adjusted one of his number-twelve cow-hides on the steam-heater, balanced the other gracefully on the edge of a cuspidor, and looked around as one who expects adulation. There was an immediate sensation. Several drummers, who were writing letters on the paper of their respective firms, ceased their toil. One of "our representatives" who happened "to be on the spot" plucked forth his notebook with a glad look of anticipation, and a brand-new bridegroom, who had been surreptitiously smoking a five-cent cigar in a corner, threw it away and moved up closer.

"And may I ask, sir," said a benevolent old party, in horrified accents, "what preparations you have made for so hazardous an undertaking, and what vehicle you intend to employ?"

"Vehicle?" replied the stranger, as he bit off a sumptuous chew from a plug which he carried in his coat-tail pocket. "I'm a-goin' to hire a four-wheel hack, an' I'm a-goin' over them Falls fum one end to the other; an' if seventy-five dollars, good legal currency, ain't preparations enough for sech an enterprise, all I kin say is, Darn Niagara!"



AN ACUTE ATTACK.

NANNY.—I thought Father had a perfect digestion.

BILLY.—He has, ordinarily; but a while ago he ate a lot of adjectives off a circus poster.

INTUITION has been defined as a quick method of arriving at a totally incorrect conclusion.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.



"Gimme a penny, Papa?"



"Say, Pop, gimme twenty-five cents for a ball?"



"Papa, dear, will you let me have two dollars for the matinee?"



"James, dear, I *must* have fifty dollars for spring things."



"Let me get out of this, quick! Who the deuce is that out there?"



"Income-Tax bill, sir."

W. A. G. L. H. S. A. S.



JUST ABOUT.

"Just been in an auto accident—how do I look?"

"Like a portrait of yourself by a cubist artist."

THE HITCH OF THE UNHITCHED;

OR, AUNT LUCY'S DIVORCE.

I WATCHED as she came trudging down the street, her carpet slippers giving out a muffled sound, her eyes fixed dreamily on distant things. She was a huge darky, square-shouldered and broad-hipped—an Amazon by aspect, my washerwoman by profession.

She turned in at my gate, and with a simple "Howdy, Miss Mary" sank down on the porch, fanning her strong, lean face with an old slat bonnet. After a pause she roused up: "Miss Mary, I's getting long in years—'fore long I'll be an old woman, and all this time I's putting up with that no-'count Henry. I's jist tired out of him."

"Why, Aunt Lucy!" I was dumfounded. "Your husband? Good-natured old Henry?"

"Him, Miss Mary." She nodded her head solemnly. "That coon is trifling, and we are jist plumb tired of one 'nother. We've decided we'll be 'vorced."

"Be what?" I exclaimed.

"'Vorced. We're going to a Jedge and say we don't 'tend to live together no mo'—then he'll 'vorce us."

"But, Aunt Lucy," I remonstrated, "that would be awful. You'd be alone—no one to cook for or to build fires for—or—why, you and Henry've been married forty years—it's too late to change now."

Her face took on a quiet, stubborn look, and I felt that I talked in vain. "I don't believe in divorce, so if you and Henry can't settle this I will have to get a new washerwoman right away."

Her face fell at this and she rose to go, adjusting her bonnet. "It's too late now. Henry done went to see a lawyer—so it's 'ranged, I 'spect." And without more ado she turned and waiked off.

I heard nothing further—and the next wash-day I strolled into the laundry. There was Aunt Lucy bending over the tubs. My threat had carried weight.

"Aunt Lucy, did you get your divorce?"

"No 'm," she replied without raising her head.

"Decided you liked Henry better than you thought?"

"No 'm."

"You hated to lose your old place?" I persisted.

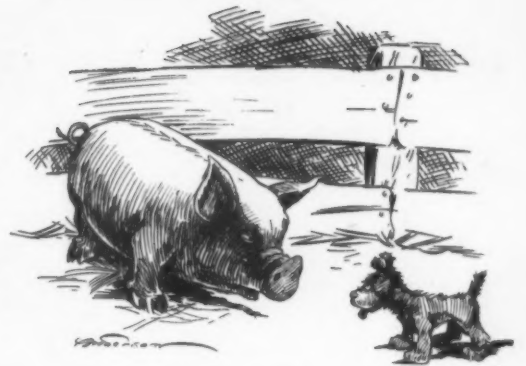
"No 'm."

"Did the lawyer cost too much?"

"No 'm."

I paused—baffled—and listened to her vigorous rubbing. Here was discretion and reserve; but as I waited she unbent from the wash-tub, wiped her hot, wet brow with the corner of her apron, and explained:

"I'll tell you jist how it wuz, Miss Mary. We wuz getting that 'vorced—had the money, an' lawyers an' all, when—well, Miss Mary, they decided I war'n't never married to that wuffless nigger, nohow."



SUSPICIOUS.

THE PUP.—You have a funny looking nose for a feller who claims to be a teetotaler!

THE BEGINNING.

AND it came to pass that a certain woman had divers beauties of person.

But it chanced, also, that those beauties were of such a nature that they were hidden by the manner of garb that was commonly worn. And the woman spake, saying:

"Woe is me, that I must be scoffed at unjustly as one devoid of graces!"

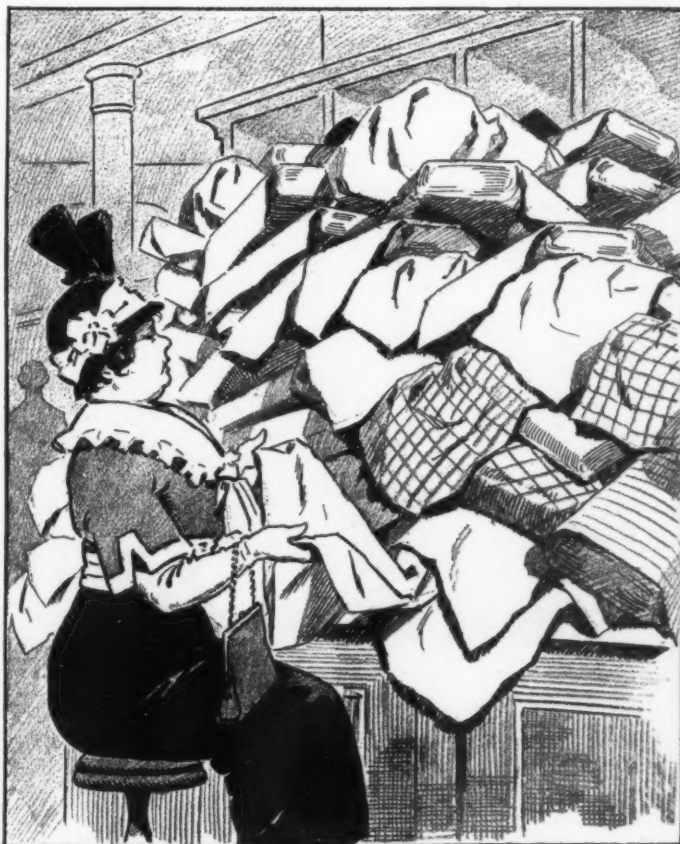
Her days were full of lamentation and her nights were sleepless with mourning.

And there came to this woman a vision. In this vision she saw herself arrayed in a strange fashion. Yet attired was she in a way that displayed her loveliness. And she clothed herself after the manner of the vision and was glad. In the end she spake again, saying:

"Behold! I am a dress reformer."

And in her day and time many women got on to her scheme, and the land was full of dress reformers.

AND THE CLERK RESIGNED ON THE SPOT.



HARDENED SHOPPER.—Have you any other shades?



DESPERATE CLERK.—No, Ma'am. That's ALL!

HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



"Widow By Proxy."

MAY IRWIN is at her best in "Widow By Proxy." If you don't like the scene where she passes off *Gilligan*, the dressmaker, as a French marquise, you must be a hopeless grouch. We have little to say about Miss Irwin's comedy at this late day, except that we liked it, and we think you will enjoy all her fun-making in "Widow By Proxy"

quite as well as we did. Next to Miss Irwin, the best work in the cast is done by Alice Johnson, as *Gilligan*. Her French vocabulary, which consists of *negligé*, *robe de nuit*, and a few other gems, is immense. Clara Blandick plays *Dolores* acceptably, and Orlando Daly does well enough as the captain. *W. E. Hill.*

LUCILLE'S BOUQUET.



PAID ten dollars for Lucille's bouquet,
To deck her for the dance of yesternight,—
I, her adorer. Yet this was the way
She treated it, with manner winsome, light:

She tossed it to her chaperon, the while
She waltzed with Dick Van Dump, and roused my bile.
She swung it briskly, heedlessly about,
And talked with Bangs, and dropped three roses out.
She "trotted" with De Peyster, and he stole
A good deal of it for his button-hole.
She danced with Charley Baxter the Berlin,
And gave *him* some, and furnished him a pin.
She left the meagre remnant on a chair,
And Mrs. Parker-Churchill sat down there.

And then she said to me, with smile and yawn,
Rising to right her gown's soft disarray:
"Why—y! Dear me! where *are* those flowers gone?"
I paid ten dollars for Lucille's bouquet.

PUTTING HIM TO THE TEST.

DEACON WOOLERTON (*sneeringly*).—I s'pose yo' t'ink it's de Lord's will fo' yo' to leave dis charge an' take de one wid de biggah salary!
PARSON SHOUTER.—Look 'ere, Bre'r Woolerton, ef one man offers yo' ten dollars fo' dat mule, an' anodder offers yo' twenty, would dere be any question in *yo'* mind which offer it wuz de Lord's will fo' vo' to accept?



DURING THE FAMILY GROUCH.

MR. SNAPPERLY (*reading*).—Man commits suicide by jumping off ferryboat.

MRS. SNAPPERLY.—Just like a man! Why didn't he jump off a dock and save two cents?

A GREAT many citizens, sad to relate, want only so much honest government as will not antagonize their interests.

If it be true that might makes right in this wicked world, then it frequently comes mighty near to bungling the job.

AN IRISH LAMENT.

A LAS! I must sing of a new woe of Erin,
O Oireland! darlin', they 've hit you again.
The names that the bastes in the Park do be
wearin'
As if they were Oirish, arouses my pen.

Two haythens from Africa, from the Nile wather,
Kem over here lately acrost the big sea;
And whin the two beggars they brought forth a daughter,
'T was Murphy they named her—O Erin Machree!

'T was Crowley they named that there Eyetalian monkey;
'T was Mulligan's name that was gev to a shnake;
'T was Duffy's good name that was worn by a donkey,
Widout mintioning all thim bur-rds in the lake.



Does a Crockerdile risimble O Brien?
Shall his honored name, thin, belong to the baste?
Are we to indure an ould yaller-faced lion
That's named wid a name that belongs to a praste?

'T is sorry the day saw the fir-rst importation
Of a strange, foreign baste to get such a name;
For, sure, it's good-lukin' we are as a nation
An' divil an ape can put in such a claim.

Is Miss Murphy Oirish? Do we luk loike Crowley?
What Oirishmon luks loike an African shnake?
Be th' soul of St. Patrick, as sure as he's howly
We'll drownd all thim Nagur bastes in the Park lake!

Ah, whisht now! brave bhoys of the green counthy Kerry,
O darlin's from Mayo and Longford and Clare!
Come wid your shillalys, me dear ones from Derry,
An' tur-rn the old Park into Donnybrook Fair!

THEORETICAL ECONOMY.

M R. NUWED.—Seems to me our grocery bills are very high for two persons.

M RS. NUWED.—You wanted me to be economical, you know, and I've been using up the bread-crumbs for puddings.

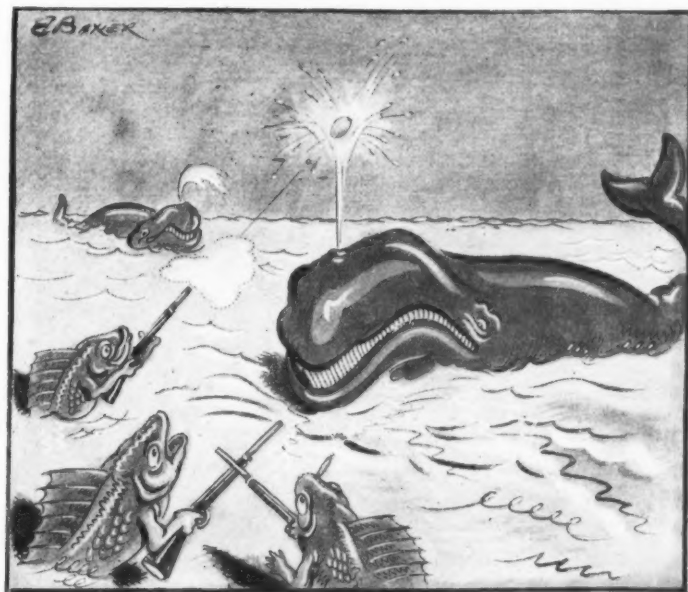
M R. NUWED.—Quite right, my love, and good puddings they were; but I was speaking of the grocery bills.

M RS. NUWED.—Yes; you see it takes about five dollars' worth of other things to make the bread-crumbs taste good.

WILLING TO WORK.

"Now," said the Warden to the Forger who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

"Well, if you'll give me a week's practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you," said the prisoner.



THE ATLANTIC SHOOTING-GALLERY.

THE WHALE.—Remember! Every time you break the egg, boys,
you get a good sea-weed cigar!



THE LADY COP.

HER ARRIVAL ON THE FORCE WILL MAKE THE DAY-STICK AS DEADLY
AS THE NIGHT-STICK.

PROGRESSIVE ANIMOSITY.

H E was a very down-hearted and disgusted-looking boy, with torn clothes and rumpled hair, and a few suspicious bumps on his face; so I stopped and asked him what the matter was, and whether I could be of any assistance to him.

"Naw, yer can't do nothing fer me; it's a business trouble," he explained.

"Ah! Have you lost your position?" I asked.

"Naw; and I would n't care if I had. The president of our company is the worst old duffer in New York."

"Does he ill-treat you?" I said kindly.

"Naw; he does n't even know me by sight; but he come into the office cross as hornets this mornin' and climbed up the secretary's collar the worst you ever seen."

"But how did that affect you?"

"Why, don't you see?" the boy asked, impatiently. "The secretary had to get square somehow, so he jumped on the cashier with both feet; and after the cashier'd thought it all over and got good and mad, he jumped on the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper jumped on the entry-clerk, and the entry-clerk jumped on the bill-clerk, and he just sailed in and gimme particular rats. An' there wasn't no one fer me ter jump on, so I thought I'd go out and lick a district-messenger."

"Well, could n't you find one to lick?" I asked.

"Oh! I found him quick enough, but I did n't lick 'im."

"Why not?"

"'Cause he licked me!"



THE ONLY WAY.

"Mercy! What brought you home so early to-night?"

"I had my pocket picked!"

A MODEL JUROR.

C OUNSEL (to talesman).—Have you any knowledge of anything in this world or the world to come?

TALESMAN.—I have not.

COUNSEL.—Do you know enough to come in out of the rain?

TALESMAN.—I do not.

COUNSEL.—If you were standing on a railroad track and an express train approached at a speed of ninety miles an hour, would you step out of the way?

TALESMAN.—I would not.

CHORUS OF LAWYERS.—Step right into the jury-box!





TO AN ARISTOCRAT.

PROUD of your birth? That butterfly
Which useless flits across your view,
Though to-morrow it may die,
Has far more cause for pride than you;
For, ere its present self were born,
It was an humble worm, and toiled,
The basis of your boast you scorn;
Your hands by labor ne'er were soiled.
I deem the insect nobler far;
Its pride one may with reason scan.
Your parents made you what you are —
The butterfly 's a self-made man!

A BAD PRACTICE.

OLD BONDER (*nervously*). — What is that Extra the boy is calling?
CASHIER. — It's about a steamboat explosion in the West. Sixty men killed, sir.
OLD BONDER (*angrily*). — Confound it! There ought to be a law against their frightening people like that! I thought it was a bank failure or something!



FREE TRANSPORTATION.

SCIENTIFIC MAMMA. — Do not dance all the evening, dear. Remember that the dancers at an average ball cover a total distance of nine miles.
PRACTICAL DAUGHTER. — Oh, but a girl is carried most of the way, Mamma!

COMPARATIVE WORTH.

SCRIBBLER. — Now, dear, I *can't* come and take the baby. Don't you see I am very busy on this poem? Call the servant.

MRS. SCRIBBLER. — I'll do nothing of the kind, Henry. You *must* come. Just remember that

THE INFANT TERRIBLE.

MOTHER EUROPE. — Now, you do as I say! Do you understand, young man?
MONTENEGRO. — I WON'T!

the servant-girl's time is worth exactly four dollars a week!

A PROTRACTED STAY.

BELLE PASSAY. — I'm tired of being pursued for my money! I'm going to the country and pose as a poor girl, and wait for the first man who offers himself.

BLANCHE INNIT. — Well, you can stand the country in summer well enough, but you'll find the winters just horrid!



EXTRACT FROM ANY OLD NOVEL.

"HE FOUND IT VERY HARD TO CONTAIN HIMSELF."

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

To publish all the things he knew
A hundred volumes took;
And yet he did not know enough
To fill a pocket-book.

A BROADWAY CATASTROPHE.

POLICEMAN. — Do you know this sick man?

INTERESTED BYSTANDER. — No. I only jest met him. He seemed a nice sort of a feller; he shook my hand and we chatted a while, an' I told 'im I was Seth Pinewood from Pennsylvania, an' that I'd come on with one thousand in cash to see this here town. I ast him if he knew of some young feller as could show me around; an' then he threw up his hands an' fell down!

WONDERS OF NATURE.

UNCLE TREETOP. — We have to be very careful in summer, for lightning will sour the milk.

MISS TERRY (*a city niece*). — You don't say! And are those little knobs on the horns of the cows lightning-rods?

THE AMAZON MARCH.



OLD STYLE.



NEW STYLE.



HE STRIVES TO PLEASE.

MOTORIST.—We had an accident. Have you got any of that liniment that's good for man and beast?

AMIALE MERCHANT.—Yes, sir. Got both kinds. Which one of you is hurt?

"THE FIRST TIME I KISSED SARY."

THE first time I kissed Sary—well, it sort o' seems to me As if that happy incident took place but yesterday; An' though 't was fifty year ago, to this day I kin shet My eyes an' think about it an' kin fairly taste it yet. I'd been her stiddy company fer purty nigh a year, I'd taken her to spellin'-schools an' doin's fur an' near— But she—well, many fellers would 'a' said she was contrary, An' I half thought so too until the first time I kissed Sary.

Lord knows how many girls I'd kissed! An' it was my idee When first we met to kiss her, too; but she said, "No-sirree!" I'd never dreamed of such an independent Miss before, An' though she always had her way I loved her more and more. But finally, one Sunday night, somewhere along in June, As we was walkin' home from church an' lookin' at the moon, Its light a-restin' on her lips as red as any cherry, I asked her if she'd wed—an' then 's the first time I kissed Sary.

How years go skurryin' round! An' yet somehow to me It seems as though our love's as young as what it used to be. Fer she an' me have steadfast been through sunshine an' through clouds, Her hands have fashioned baby clothes, an' weddin' gowns, an' shrouds. Our paths have all been pleasant in each other's sunny smile, Some dewy flower gladdens us on every dusty mile; An' of the many varied days I would n't alter nary A one that God has sent us since the first time I kissed Sary.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LATCH-KEY.

I'm old and battered and bent. But I remember the day when, bright and new, I jingled proudly on the big chain-ring of a prosperous Harlem householder. Those were peaceful, happy days. But a change came.

The Young Gentleman of the house attained the latch-key age. One morning I was presented to him at the breakfast-table with many admonitions to treat me kindly and not to strain the privileges which I bestowed.

The Young Gentleman and I at once began a very riotous life, for which I was mainly responsible. One cold winter night during my sporting career I was left sticking in the outside keyhole. This I have forgiven, for I have since learned it was the result of an oversight rather than of malice.

But my life of frivolity closed then. I was found by the Old Gentleman, who immediately confiscated me. Then came another change.

One day a Man With a Loud Voice came to the house and pulled the furniture around and made chalk-marks on the backs of bureaus and the bottoms of chairs. A few days later a lot of visitors came. It was evidently some holiday, for a big red flag was hung out the parlor window. The visitors plumped down in the easy-chairs and said they did not think they were "all hair." They jabbed the mattresses, and poked canes and umbrellas at the pictures. The Old Gentleman was there. He pulled me from the big ring and gave me to The Man With the Loud Voice. I saw tears in the Old Gentleman's eyes.

For a long time I hung on a hook in a real-estate office, with a greasy card tied to me. Then a Nice Bustling Old Lady took me away. She carried me to a man who made a dozen just like me.

At this time I began my downward career.

I was given to the Young Woman in the third-floor front. How my spirit revolted when I was tied to a trunk-key with a bit of blue ribbon!

One day there came a Typewriting Girl to room with the Young Woman. The Typewriting Girl knew a lot of other typewriting girls, and they called very often evenings and ate ham and crackers and drank tea they made over the gas and told stories about typewriting young men.

But the Nice Bustling Old Lady made a fuss because the door-bell rang so often. She said unpleasant things about third-floor lodgers.

So, instead of ringing the bell, the typewriter girls, stood across the street and tried to whistle. Then the Young Woman would toss me out on the pavement.

For the life of me I don't see how the trunk-key stood it. But the typewriting girls did n't care until one night it was found that I was bent and would not turn the latch. I was taken downstairs and The Nice Bustling Old Lady sent me to a man who put me in a vise and filed and pounded me.

Then I went back; but, oh! my poor battered brass had been converted into an Area Door Key!

I hang now on a nail in the kitchen. I go out to the butcher's and the baker's and have a day out with the second girl. And sometimes—let me whisper—I rush the Grow—Sh! Cooky's getting the pitcher now!

PRESENCE OF MIND.

WIFE (*in alarm*).—John, I have just discovered a fire in the cellar! What shall be done to get the guests out of the house in safety?

HUSBAND.—I'll call the fire-department, while you announce to the guests that Charley Snifflekins is going to give his celebrated imitation of the mocking-bird!




THE MODERNIST VIEWPOINT.

FUTURIST PAINTER.—What do you think of Jones as an artist?

CUBIST DITTO.—A poser and a bluffer. He makes a point of drawing well just to attract the attention of the vulgar crowd!

Nothing would depopulate the earth quite so quickly as the fact that woman-kind had become thoroughly logical.



To the Bride

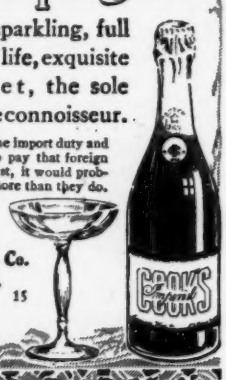
Drink to the health of the bride in the very essence of purity and healthfulness—the champagne—that is nearest like her—

COOK'S

Extra Dry Champagne

bright and sparkling, full of the joy of life, exquisite of bouquet, the sole choice of the connoisseur.

If Cook's had the import duty and ocean freight to pay that foreign champagnes must, it would probably cost you more than they do.



American Wine Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Ardent Lover: "Willie, dear, what does your sister say of me?" **Willie:** "She says you needn't come here unless you bring a diamond, on credit, from Loftis Bros. & Co., 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill."

TO THE TIX OF THE CLOX.
There was a young lady named Knox
Whose promptness gave everyone shox;
When asked by a mate
Why she never was late,
Replied: "I wear clocks on my sox."
—*New York Tribune.*

DOUBLE BLOW.

YOUNG MAN.—I should like to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you think your daughter would make a suitable wife.

LAWYER.—No, I don't think she would. Five dollars, please!—*New York Mail.*

"Did you not tell him that you could fence?"

"Yes. But then he showed me that he could box!"—*Le Rire.*

Pears'

"A scowling look is altogether unnatural."

All the features of Pears' Soap are pleasing. A naturally good soap for the complexion.

Sold by the cake and in boxes.

Suffragette: "There's one place where women have equal rights with men—that's at Loftis Bros. & Co. when they want a diamond or any article of jewelry on credit. 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill."

A PLEASANT LODGER.



LANDLADY.—For heaven's sake! How do things look here?!

ATHLETE (just moved in).—Calm yourself! I was only searching for something!—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

GEN. PORFIRIO DIAZ has acquired the Mona Lisa smile.—*Age-Herald.*



Drink P. B. Ale

It has a flavor as distinctive as the flavor of a choice vintage wine. Malt and Hoppy. Bottled at the Brewery. Send for price list.

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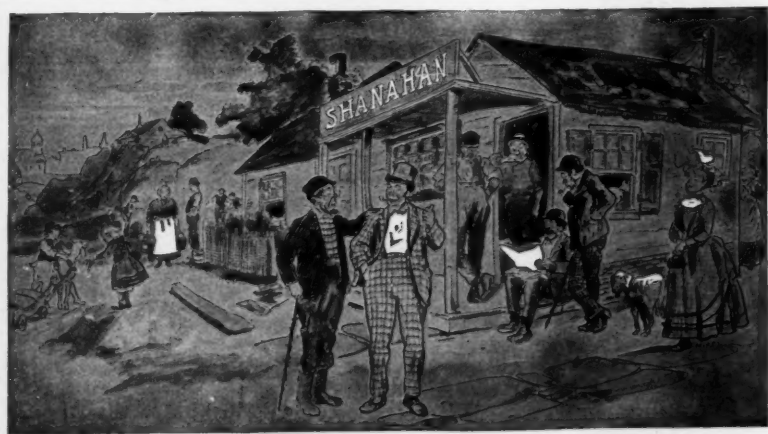
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DOING A MAN'S PART.

"What are you doing for our cause?" asked a Suffragette worker.

"Doing?" replied the man. "I'm supporting one of your most enthusiastic members."—*Detroit Free Press.*



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OR,

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"DON'T you think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?"

"It would depend on where the term was to be served."—*Record-Herald.*

Young Man: You can't win a bride with a mere promise of a diamond ring. It's up to you to get it. Send for catalog and open a charge account at Loftis Bros. & Co., 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. KNAGG.—Talk of conscience! I don't believe you know what conscience is.

MR. KNAGG.—Sure I do. It's that inward monitor that, when you're wrong, prompts you to think up an excuse for blaming someone else. —*The Counselor.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

He: "Why don't you love me, Madge?"
She: "Impossible without a diamond ring to remind me of you. Loftis Bros. & Co., 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., advertise big bargains on credit."

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HYMNS AND A HIM.

One Sunday evening, when church services were over, a young minister started on his journey home, accompanied by two young ladies of his choir, when they began a conversation about hymns.

"What is your favorite hymn?" asked the curate, turning to one of his fair companions.

"Draw Me Nearer," she replied, not thinking of the double meaning.

At that moment her companion, who was walking on the other side of the curate, to make matters worse, said, innocently: "That is only the chorus; the commencement of the piece is 'I Am Thine.'"

At this the curate laughed heartily, and the ladies are always very careful now when talking about hymns.—*Exchange.*

THE POOR ORPHAN.

An old country-woman stepped into a suburban drug-store and laid on the counter a prescription for a mixture containing two decigrammes of morphia. The druggist exercised the utmost care in weighing the dangerous drug.

"What a shame!" she cried. "Don't be so stingy; it's for an orphan girl."—*Lippincott's.*

WIDOW.—Wait, I'll get you some glue with which to fasten his wig.

UNDERTAKER.—Oh, that's not necessary. I've just used a couple of tacks!—*Punch.*

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Get That Name in your mind—memorize it—say it every time you buy whiskey and you will always get the best.

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OLD DOCTOR (who has been gossiping for three-quarters of an hour).—Well, well, I must be going. I've got to visit an old lady in a fit.—*Punch.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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THE HIGH COST OF SPECTACULAR AGITATION.

A reduction of the New Haven's dividend from eight to six per cent. would be of more than passing moment to many who perhaps may be inclined to take lightly the continued agitation of professional agitators. It would mean a loss for the stockholders of the New Haven amounting in the aggregate to \$3,137,530.

Were this loss to be widely distributed over the country it is not likely that it would be felt appreciably by others than the actual holders of the stock. But, unlike the case of some other roads of equal importance, the stock of the New Haven is held within rather narrow geographical limits. Ninety per cent. of its stockholders live in the four States of Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Of the total loss in income which a reduced dividend rate would mean these States would have to bear \$2,823,779.

Concentrated within such narrow confines such curtailment of spending money could not help but be felt by the community at large. Less money in the pocketbook means for the shopkeeper less taken into the till. Nearly three millions of dollars withheld from these States would mean a serious loss. And the holders of stock would not be the only ones who would ruefully have to figure up in dollars and cents the cost of the agitator and his effect upon railroad credit. The ledgers of the butcher and the grocer would show an account with him, too. And it would be on the wrong side.

E. & O. E.

A certain commercial traveler, says *The Sun*, kept a supplementary expense and statistical account on his last trip through the South. He showed the result to a few friends the other day:

Traveled	2,896	miles
Carried samples	400	pounds
Showed samples	341	times
Sold goods	178	times
Have been asked the news	5,621	times
Have told the news	1,393	times
Have lied about it	2,001	times
Did n't know	1,637	times
Been asked to take a drink	1,994	times
Have taken a drink	1,993	times
Refused to take drink (account sickness)	1	time
Changed politics	47	times
Flirted	987	times
Charged firm expense per day	\$7.62	
Actual expense per day	\$4.91	
Net profit per day	\$2.71	
Cash on hand	\$0.00	

This account, however, was not filed with the firm.

Boy.—The coal-man says he can't let you have any more coal until you've paid the bill you owe him.

HARDUPPE.—You go back and tell him that if he allows me to freeze to death he'll never get a dashed cent.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Said Eve to Adam, as they passed through the wood:
Oh, hubby, dear hubby, your credit is good
At Loftis Brothers. Please get me a ring;
A Loftis "Perfection" is just the thing.
Loftis Bros. & Co., 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

RECOGNIZING GENIUS.

MERCHANT (to detective).—Some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He's been taking in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him collared as quickly as possible.

DETECTIVE.—All right. I'll have him arrested in less than a week.

MERCHANT.—Good heavens, man! I don't want to put him in jail—I want to engage him.—*Boston Transcript.*

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If you have lost your punch, if your initiative is flagging, you need a vacation. But you need the right kind of a vacation—vacation that will put vim in you.

To get your punch back there is no better prescription than a loaf in the Maine woods or on the New England uplands. Get

the smell of the woods, the odor of balsam and pine. Tighten up your muscles by tramping over the hills. You can fish in limpid lakes hemmed in by pine forests and overlooked by mountains, some green-clad and some of granite. And as a punch producer there is nothing like a game of golf in the shadow of the White Mountains. It is a region renowned for its hotels and golf links. For the motorist no other part of the country can hold such charms.

If you are worn out and have a case of nerves don't consume any more of your vitality in deciding your vacation. Choose New England for your vacation ground. Take a train and you are there without discomfort, ready to enjoy the delight of a wonderful wilderness watered by beautiful lakes and streams, or of the hillsides and mountains of bracing New England, where yearly thousands regain their health and strength.

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WASH-DAY.

When Eve held forth in Paradise
She found much pleasure in it,
For when she did her Monday wash
It only took a minute.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

AFTER THE SO-CALLED ART SHOW.

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But to the Futurist I bow—
He can both see and be one.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

TOMMY.—Don't you hate house-cleaning?

FREDDY.—Naw. When ma cleans house she doesn't clean me.—*The Sun.*

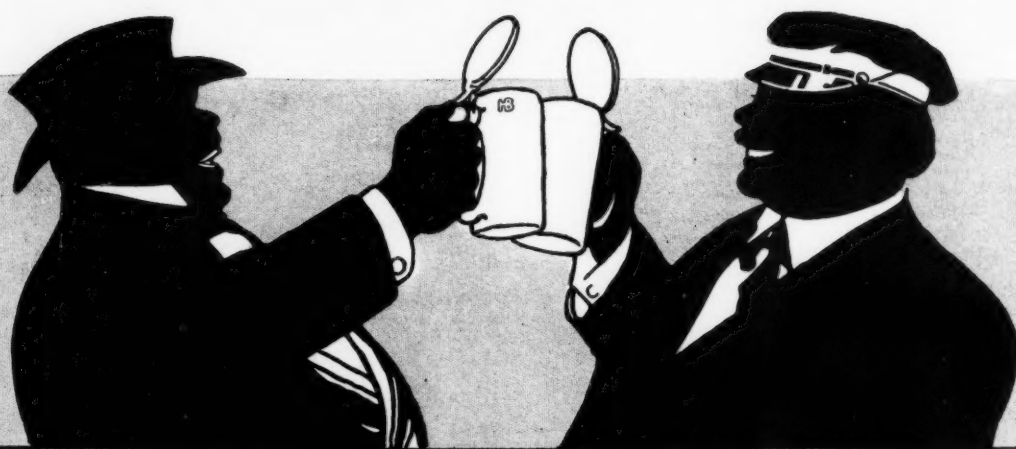
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In England and Germany the brewers won't use light glass bottles.

"Beer should not be exposed to the light, especially direct sunlight, as it will thereby be detrimentally affected, the light having an influence upon the albuminoids in the beer, causing the latter to become hazy."

Extract from "The Beer Bottlers' Handy Book," published by the Wahl-Henius Institute of Fermentology.

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